

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 25.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 7, 1904.

NUMBER 32

DEEP MINING

Will Shortly be Inaugurated in Our Mineral Belt.

The Crittenden Press has it from a gentleman who stands in the front rank of the mineral men of the United States, that machinery and experts have been engaged and deep mining for our fissure veins is an assured fact.

A contract has been entered into with Pittsburg people of unlimited capital and irrepressible courage to do some deep mining in order to prove the genuineness of our true fissure veins. After two years and two months persistent labor, day and night, they have been rewarded recently, by cross-cuts from 10 to 50 feet through which they worked into perfectly defined veins 17 to 20 feet wide, with Princeton and St Louis lime walls, the fissure being filled, one with pure whiter fluorite carrying from 10 to 15 per cent of galena (no zinc). These two nearly parallel veins are only 50 feet apart; that is, fifty feet from a vertical shaft 8x12 feet, at the 150 foot level. This shaft was started on outcropping of lead and spar, the vein dipping away from the vertical shaft at 80 feet. Both veins can be worked through one shaft, 12x9. They are building a 100 ton mill and an aerial (cable) railway, to the river, 1½ miles to transport 50 to 100 tons daily next summer. They have four or five other shafts 50 to 100 feet deep on the same vein, which no doubt will all show up at 150 feet, like the one they have down now 175 feet from which they will cross-cut again at 200 feet, and so on down every 50 feet, until they have made 500 to 1000 feet. The St. Louis limestone wall will hold at least 500 feet, the Princeton about 250. There is no doubt these fissure veins will continue down through the silurian, or about 2,000 feet.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

HOW SOME FAMOUS WOMEN KEEP HOUSE.

If the housekeepers who complain so over the cares and responsibilities of their cosy little six room cottages, and are continually wishing they had larger homes, "with all modern conveniences," could take a peep just once into some of the largest mansions of the world, they would see that the mistresses of these palaces, with all their immense train of servants under them, have their hands as full as the keeper of the little house with its six cozy rooms.

On a busy morning at Windsor Castle, Queen Alexandra may be seen, accompanied by her housekeeper, going to all of the linen closets, where she counts every piece of linen used in the royal household. It is said that Queen

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Victoria knew personally every servant employed in the palace, and every day would overlook each of the rooms to see that they were being kept in order. Once on going into a room which had been neglected by a careless maid she found the dust quite thick on the furniture. As a rebuke to the negligent servant the Queen wrote her name with her fingers in the dust, on a table where it must readily have been seen, for it is said that ever after that room was the cleanest in the household.

Mrs Roosevelt's most serious problem at the White House has been the china. It is the privilege of each new mistress of the Executive Mansion to order a new set of chinaware for her use while there, but which is to be left in the White House at her departure. Imagine, then, what a store of old china was on hand when Mrs Roosevelt took charge. The remains of sets which had been there since the days of Washington! No one of them complete!

Of course Mrs. Roosevelt used her prerogative and ordered a handsome set of china, consisting of nearly two thousand pieces, but before it was completed think of the trial when a state dinner was on hand to hunt out, among all this varied assortment, enough pieces of any one kind to serve seventy-five or a hundred people.

SOME DAINTY THINGS FOR GIRLS.

Come, take a peep into the shop windows with us this morning and let us see what pretty things for girls are there. Pretty things yet simple enough for any industrious girl to make for herself at home, and for little more than half the cost.

There is a lace set of three pieces—for the collar and cuffs. It is made by using two pieces of lace insertion about half an inch in width and the length of your neck measure and sewing these together with feather stitching.

Around the whole you then whip a lace edging to match the insertion, also about one half inch in width. This is fastened in the back and is worn over a dainty colored ribbon or taffeta stock. If ribbon is used it is tied in a pretty bow in back. The cuffs are made in the same manner and are worn over the original cuffs of the wrist and fastened on with fancy pins.

He is survived by a wife and six children, the oldest of whom, Lee, is a fine boy about grown. Mrs. Morse was Miss Ida Dean, daughter of I. M. Dean, of the Iron Hill neighborhood, one of the best citizens of the county. She is related to many citizens of this and adjoining counties.

Mr. Morse was a Mason in high standing in the Bigham Ledge of this place. No man who ever lived here had greater energy than J. H. Morse. He could and did carry out some fine business deals which made him an ample competency. On every hand are evidences of his thrift and business acumen. Many of our best business blocks were built by him and some still bear his name. Mr. Morse was a believer in life insurance and his family will now reap the benefit of his good judgment.

DIED IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS

John H. Morse, a Good Man, an Honored Citizen, Has Gone to His Reward.

Though expected at any time, the news of the death of John H. Morse was a shock to the community where he was best known. Mr. Morse passed to his reward on Saturday, the 19th Dec., at his home in Riverside, California, aged 45 years. Only a few short months ago he left Kentucky in the hope of finding health in the sunny valleys of Southern California. He found a place to his liking and came back for his family and they went with him to the



J. H. MORSE.

new home he had sought out—so full of hope and promise. It was in August last that Mrs. Morse left Marion for a journey (across the continent, almost) to Southern California, some 3000 and odd miles, with her children. Arriving there they found a home waiting for them, which the father had provided.

Every care and attention was shown Mr. Morse, and all was done that science could do, but all to no avail.

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TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Marion Baptist Sunday School passed the following resolutions on the death of a former teacher, Mr. J. H. Morse:

Whereas, God in his wisdom has taken Mr. John H. Morse, who for twelve years was a most faithful teacher; be it

Resolved, Because of his sound advice, piety and earnest teachings the Sunday School has lost a most powerful factor.

We deeply feel our loss but are confident he has exchanged his life of suffering for one of eternal brightness.

We extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family; may they be resigned to the will of Him who gave and who has been taken away, and draw strength and comfort from the Father who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

We request that same be published in the Crittenden PRESS, and sent to the family, also copied on record.

Della Barnes,
J. B. Hubbard.
Committee.

The following recipe for cinnamon buns may be used to help out the monotonous cold supper Sunday nights, and also make a nice addition to the children's school lunch on Monday morning:

Sift flour, salt and baking powder as for biscuit. Make a well in the middle. Add three tablespoonsfuls of sugar and one egg. Mix as for biscuit. Roll out one-fourth inch thick; sprinkle with bits of butter, sugar, cinnamon and currants; roll over and over and cut in slices one-half inch thick; lay these in a baking pan and bake a delicate brown.

"The Girl from Paris."

FOSTER--LOWERY.

Married at the residence of Rev J. B. Lowery, Dec. 24, 1903, Mr. Charles Foster to Miss Maud Lowry, Rev J. B. Lowery officiating. After congratulations by a host of friends the crowd retired to the dining room where a table was groaning under its load of good things to eat, such as any one can desire.

Mr. Foster is a prosperous young farmer of near Lola. He has many friends who wish him well. Miss Maud is the daughter of Rev J. B. Lowery. She is a natural musician and has taught music for several years past. She numbers her friends by the score.

May the omnipotent hand of Heaven gently glide them over life's raging billows. May they set their aim high in the world, and may not a cloud arise to dim their perfect bliss.

A Friend.

They Appreciate the Press.

PHILLIPSBURG, KAN., Dec. 25, 1903—MR. S. M. JENKINS, EDITOR PRESS: Enclosed please find P. O. money order for my subscription to your paper for the year 1904. The PRESS to us Kentuckians is a weekly source of pleasure.

Wishing it and its may readers a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year,

Yours truly,

J. G. McCAIN.

DUCKSBURG, Dec. 28—DEAR EDITOR: After so long please find enclosed one dollar, for which continue to send your goody, goody paper, the Crittenden PRESS, as long as you can for the dollar. Hal hal! Well, be a good boy and a happy New Year awaits you.

A. L. CHARLES.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

The Kuttawa Komedy Company gave Marion quite a treat Tuesday night, the 29th, in presenting Lady Audley's Secret and Rough Diamond. The company was made up of some of the younger set in Kuttawa and it was indeed a creditable show, such as few towns could get up within its own confines.

How grand it is to get on one of these mountain peaks at an altitude of 10,000 feet and look off in the distance and see a snow-capped peak a hundred or more miles away. The air is so clear and pure here, where the view is not obstructed, one can see objects 150 or 200 miles away with the naked eye. But all of Colorado surely can not be compared to the ideal spot in which I live.

I have not seen an inch of snow here in Turret yet this winter and that would be nearly all gone by now.

There has been no rain since September. I have the first sleet, hail or windstorm to see yet.

There never has been a sick person in the town since I have been here, and when I pick up the daily papers and read accounts of the storms and blizzards there are in other places, and read in the Press and the many letters I receive from dear old Kentucky of the sickness among friends and relatives, it makes me glad to know I live in a land of health and sunshine.

This is a mining camp where we live. I have been over the hills many times since I came out here. Sometime I must tell you about the mineral veins of this country. I have been over the camp so much, and seen so many of these mineral veins on the surface and in the shafts and tunnels I have been in, that I will be able to tell you something about them.

Every Monday evening we receive the PRESS, and then there is a scramble between "hubby" and I who shall read it first, but of course I come out winner, because it comes addressed in my name, and I claim my rights.

My husband is a direct descendant of Kentucky parents. I call him a half breed, but we have jolly good times and make life worth the living.

I have become acquainted with a great many nice people here, who, like myself, claim some other State as their nativity. I had not been here a month until nearly every lady in town had called on

LETTER FROM COLORADO

A Former Crittenden County Girl Describes the Grandeur of Western Scenery.

Beautiful beautiful sunshine! Five months have passed away since my arrival in Colorado, and during that time there has not been a day but what the sun has shown a part if not all the day.

Nothing can equal the beautiful moonlight nights we have here, and of an evening when I sit by my window and look at these high mountain peaks, with their spectral figures reaching up toward a clear blue sky in the shadow of the moon is something grand. Winter? We have had none compared to what I have been used to there in Kentucky.

As I write this the sun is shining brightly, the day is so warm that fires are not needed. We live here at an altitude of 8,000 feet, and within 25 miles of the dividing range, where the snow is in plain view every day in the year, and one would naturally suppose the winters would be severe. They tell me occasionally there is what they call a severe winter here, but I know from the way they are described to me they can not compare with our ordinary winters out there.

Only yesterday I took a tramp from early in the morning until four in the afternoon camping with my husband over the mountains, without any wraps on.

How grand it is to get on one of these mountain peaks at an altitude of 10,000 feet and look off in the distance and see a snow-capped peak a hundred or more miles away. The air is so clear and pure here, where the view is not obstructed, one can see objects 150 or 200 miles away with the naked eye. But all of Colorado surely can not be compared to the ideal spot in which I live.

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me, and I just turned my husband's old bachelor quarters into a place of reception.

We have some very nice parties. There is a good Sunday school and we have church twice every month.

Wishing the PRESS and its many readers a happy and prosperous New Year, I will say au revoir.

MRS. B. HOPKINS,
nee Harpenden.

SCHOOL HOUSE BURNED.

The school house at Odessa, in the eastern part of this county, where Miss Leslie Woods was teaching school, was burned to the ground Friday night at 7 o'clock. It is not known how it caught, as it was beyond saving when discovered. Miss Leslie will take a few days rest and then join her father's family at Milburn, Indian Territory. We regret to see her leave, for she is one of the brightest and best girls in the younger set, and we fancy there will be some heartaches when the iron horse steams away with her for her far away home in the West. But—she may come back some day to—visit us!

BOY DROWNED AT PRINCETON.

The young son of Mrs. Swift, who keeps hotel near the depot Princeton, was drowned last week. While skating he ventured to near the edge of the broken ice and was precipitated into the water. Help was unavailable and he was drowned before the eyes of his companions.

ROSE BUD.

A sudden death occurred in this neighborhood last Tuesday evening. Uncle Newt Newcomen went to spend the night with his daughter, Mrs. Mary Walker, who is very sick, and after talking with her until late, he went into the other room and retired, and great was the surprise of the family on going to awake him in the morning they found the old man dead, just as he had gone to sleep. He appeared to have died without a struggle; he was lying partially on his left side, with his legs partially drawn up. He was buried at the Duncan graveyard. Services were conducted by Mr. J. F. Vick at the residence of J. M. Walker.

One day last week while F. E. Davis and family were from home a thief entered the house and relieved them of all their sugar and coffee and a number of other articles.

Ben B. Franklin has moved to Geo Drury's place.

J. W. Taylor talks of going to the Indian Territory to look at the country. If he likes the country, try he may make that his future home.

A LETTER FROM INDIAN TERRITORY.

South McAlester, I. T., Dec. 31, 1903. MR. S. M. Jenkins, Marion, Ky. Dear Sir:—Inclosed find money order for one dollar; send PRESS for next year. A happy New Year to the people of Crittenden county. My respects to family and Mr. William Wilson. Lovely weather out here; no winter yet.

Yours respectfully,
R. Coffield.

CHANGED HEADQUARTERS.

I am now doing business at the Robertson building, above depot. I handle the best coal in Marion, and all orders will be given prompt attention. I have a new high-grade Weeks U. S. Standard Wagon Scale. Outside weighing will be given careful attention. Phones—residence No. 124; office No. 201. JOHN SUTHERLAND.

FOR RENT.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

Bigham Lodge Has Annual Dinner
At the Gill House.

In accordance with a custom of recent years, Mrs. Sarah S. Gill, landlady of the Gill House at this place, was selected by a committee of Bigham Lodge, No. 256, F. & A. M., to prepare and serve their annual installation banquet. The natal day of the patron saint of Masonry happening this year to occur on Sunday, the following Monday was selected as the day most appropriate for its celebration.

The day was an ideal one. Bright sunshine, cloudless skies, and a bracing atmosphere marked its incoming, and early the "gathering of the clans" might have been noted on our streets as members of the order from the various Lodges of the county made their appearance as guests.

The election of officers and other matters being gone through with, at about 11:30 the members of Bigham Lodge, together with invited guests repaired to the Gill House, where a feast of good things and a flow of wit awaited them. A PRESS reporter in glancing over the festive board noted the following: Ham, veal, turkey, fresh oysters, cranberry sauce, pickles, breads, preserves, jellies, cakes, four kinds, a nice water-melon cake being served with boiled custard. About 100 partook of the dinner, which was universally pronounced an Al success.

During the evening the following installations were made at the various county Lodges:

R. BIGHAM LODGE NO. 256.

C. S. Nunn, W. M.
J. W. Blue, S. W.
W. A. Ringo, J. W.
J. Bell Koval, Sec'y.
D. Woods, Treas.
Rev J. S. Henry, Chaplain.
W. D. Canan, S. D.
J. C. Bourland, J. D.
D. W. Bryant, Tyler
P. D. Maxwell, J. F. Loyd,
Stewards.

ZION HILL LODGE, NO. 371.

Thos N. Wofford, M.
W. B. Wilborn, S. W.
J. S. Ainsworth, J. W.
C. E. C. Travis, Sec'y.
A. R. Hughes, Treas.
C. G. Moroland, S. D.
J. T. Lamb, J. D.
J. M. Ford, Tyler.

LIBERTY LODGE, NO. 580.

Chas W. Fox, Master.
J. A. Lewis, S. W.
Oscar Wicker, J. W.
F. M. Matthews, Treas.
L. E. Hard, Sec'y.
M. F. Pogue, S. D.
W. W. Millican, J. D.
W. W. Pogue, jr., James Moore,
Stewards.
W. W. Pogue, sr., Tyler.

SHADY GROVE LODGE, NO. 559.

W. R. Warren, Master.
C. H. Newcom, S. W.
W. J. East, J. W.
J. A. Guess, Treas.
T. E. Canan, Sec'y.
J. H. Lamb, S. D.
Jas Gulden, J. D.
Isaac Oliver, Tyler.
Doo Martin, Chaplain.
J. W. Simpson, Clarence Crittenden, Stewards.

LETTER FROM PHILIPPINES.

CALBAROS, SAMAR, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, Nov. 1, 1903—EDITOR PRESS: If you will allow me space in your valuable paper I will try and keep the promise which I made to some of the good people of old Crittenden county, to let them know all that I am able to learn of the Philippine Islands, and as I have since last writing changed stations, and are glad to say that all the boys of this command are well satisfied.

We are still on the island of Samar, about 200 miles south of Manila, and we are now stationed at one of the prettiest Government

posts that there is in the Philippine Islands. The Government is putting up a new Post here and there has been quite a lot of work here for the soldiers, but as the Post is now about finished, the work is not quite so severe.

The Government has purchased a tract of land consisting of about one hundred acres for this Post, and it was all cultivated in cocoanuts, and it is a fine coconut grove. This is a nice country here, but every time we change stations we have to learn a different language, for these people do not use the same language at all. Here on the Island of Samar there are three different languages—Visaya, Tagalog and Spanish, and when you get the three mixed it sounds like a combination between a flute and base drum.

Well, here comes a couple now, and I will try and give your readers a description of them, as we see them from one day to another.

"Married?" Yes. Cloth? Well, both together wear about enough drapery to wad a crutch.

Shoes they never wear, and consequently leave a track like that of a half grown grizzly bear. The man wears a hat about three feet in diameter, and the general effect is that of a yearling calf under a shed. They are a little slim headed, insignificant looking people, with about as much expression on their faces as a good sized mince pie, and a good, true American could do away with one of them just as quick as he could the pie, and you know the majority of the Americans love mince pie, but I don't. We treat them the same as we would a mince pie.

As for this country its all right, but the people are all wrong; but in time to come they may change, and I will say this much, that if the Americans can't change them there is no need of any other nation trying it. Some of them can be changed by talking to them and some can be changed by the water cure, and if not that way the soldiers find other means of changing them. But as I have said before, since the civil government has control in the majority of the islands now, they have established schools, both Spanish and American, and some of them seem to learn quite readily.

We are stationed close to a very nice town of about 8,000 inhabitants and there is quite a little to be seen by going through the town, especially around the market, where they keep dried fish, and some that are not dried, but smell as if they were rotten. You can see all kinds of people around one of those markets, and it is worth seeing, too, but I think this trip here will satisfy me; but still I enjoy being here.

We have a nice bathing place here, and every man that's in the command falls in line with his bathing suit on and are then marched down to the beach, and bathe for thirty minutes before breakfast. And that every day in the year.

Well, Christmas is near here, and I will close by wishing all a merry Christmas and happy New Year, as I am going to try to enjoy myself among my little brown friends.

With best wishes to the PRESS and readers, I am,
Respectfully,
BURT WOODY.

A Vest Pocket Doctor.

Never in the way, no trouble to carry, easy to take, pleasant and never failing in results are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. A vial of these little pills in the vest pocket is a certain guarantee against headache, biliousness, torpid liver and all of the ills resulting from constipation. They tonic and strengthen the liver. Sold by all druggists.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

We know but little of the joy and as for the joy of living, most of us have missed that altogether—the lack of happiness in the world and the unreasonableness of such a state of affairs is the subject of an inspiring paper by Lillie Ham.

ilton French in the January Delinior. Although the writer lays much stress upon the non-existence of happiness, points a way to individual betterment of conditions. Many people sink under a burden of care, whereas care should be an uplifting influence, for the sadness of life is not found where Care is, but there where Care is and love is denied." There is that in life to recompense for sorrow, however great. The trouble is that many can not see the good about them everywhere, in Nature. Therein is the secret of all joy, is Miss French's message—a right understanding of life, looking on the bright side. "Yet even when your strength dies with discontent—and there is the very joy of life itself—Nature, with its remedial forces, will bring strength back to you, for Nature, which is life, goes on eternally, renewing all things and always ready to renew you."

Just One Minute.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute because it kills the microbe which tickles the mucous membrane causing the cough and at the same time clears the phlegm, clears out the inflammation, and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure cure in all curable cases of Cough Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, is harmless, and good alike for young and old. At all druggists.

ONE WAY TO BE ATTRACTIVE.

The housekeeper has many different things on her mind, but she should not neglect giving at least ten minutes out of every twenty-four hours to her own personal attractiveness. Every boy and girl thinks mama is beautiful, and why should she not be universally admired, even though not beautiful by nature, if her appearance shows she has taken care of her complexion? Every night just before retiring, try washing your face with a good soap, rinsing and drying well, then rubbing with a solution made of two parts of rose-water one part of glycerine, and the juice of two lemons. Have enough altogether to make one pint. Put just enough on to make the face moist, and rub until the skin is rosy red. If there are any wrinkles around your eyes or mouth, be careful that you do not rub parallel with them, but right through, crossing them. The effect will surprise you. The freckles, tan and wrinkles will gradually grow dim, leaving a soft, pink-like, smooth skin.—January Woman's Home Companion.

What's in a Name?

Everything is in a name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt, & Co. of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a Salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for Piles. For mind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, blisters, and all skin diseases, DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. At all druggists.

DEEDS RECORDED.

R. S. Heath to Thomas D. Bell, 4 acres for \$10.

Amanda M. Pickens to Thomas D. Bell, 8 3/4 acres for \$25.

J. H. Turley to C. T. Boucher, 3 acres on Piney for \$50.

Prince Pickens to J. P. Reed, 140 acres for \$1,000.

W. B. Crider to Sam Leneave, 10 3/4 acres on Piney creek for \$215.

W. H. Heath to J. B. Easley 279 1/2 acres on Ohio river for \$6,700.

Julia Kennedy to M. Copher, a house and lot in Marion, \$275.

THOUSANDS SAVED BY DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La-Gripe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. Every bottle guaranteed. No Cure. No Pay. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial bottle free.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 22. J. C. Kinolving to Miss Carrie E. Patton.

Dec. 22. Americus McLean to Miss Ethel Hodge.

Dec. 24. Tilford H. Miller to Mrs. Martha J. Bennett.

Dec. 26. John Frank Paris to Miss Almer F. Grayne.

Dec. 28. M. L. Patton to Miss Polly F. Travis.

Dec. 30. Henry Terry to Miss Autie Davis.

Dec. 31. John L. Nunn to Miss Ada L. Bracy.

Dec. 31. D. E. Glass to Miss Alice Woodall.

Cured After Suffering 10 Years.

B. F. Hale, Supt Miami Cycle & Mfg Co. Middletown, O., suffered for ten years with dyspepsia. Hundreds of dollars for medicine and with doctors without receiving any permanent benefit. He says, "One night while feeling exceptionally bad I was about to throw down the evening paper when I saw an item in the paper regarding the merits of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I concluded to try it and while I had no faith in it I felt better after the second dose. After using two bottles I am better and stronger than I have been in years, and I recommend Kodol Dyspepsia Cure to my friends and acquaintances suffering from stomach trouble." Sold by all druggists.

Commissioner's Sale.

CRITTENDEN CIRCUIT COURT, KY.
M. F. POWELL }
vs. } EQUITY.
HENRY ADAMS, ET AL.)

By virtue of a Judgement and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the November term thereof, 1903, in the above cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at public auction, the 11th day of January, 1904, at one o'clock p.m., or thereabout, (being court day), upon a credit of six months the following described property, to wit: A certain tract of land lying in Crittenden county, Ky., near Francis, Ky., and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone, corner to W. S. Perkins, running thence with a line of same S. 68, W. 26 poles to a stone, corner to same, thence with another line of same S. 46, E. 32 poles to an old stump and stone, corner to same, thence with another line of same N. 73 1/2, E. 19 poles to a stone, corner to same, thence with another line of same S. 28, E. 16 poles to a stone, corner to same, thence with another line of same S. 55, W. 68 poles to a stone in original line, thence with same S. 34, E. 80 poles to a dogwood in John Mathews' line, thence with same N. 55, E. 115 poles and 5 links to a stone, corner to Charles Owens or Lewis Phillips, thence N. 58, W. 12 poles to a stone on the east side of the Dycburg road, corner to said Owens or Phillips, thence with said road N. 9, E. 8 poles and 8 links to a stone, corner to the Masonic lot, thence with said road N. 114, E. 13 poles and 21 links to a stone on the road leading to Caldwell Springs and corner to G. W. Wilkerson in Owens line, thence N. 58, W. 132 1/2 poles to the beginning, containing 54 93-100 acres, less one acre sold to W. F. Oliver, beginning at a stone in said Oliver and Marcus line at the public road and corner of said Marcus' field and running a west direction with said line past Oliver schoolhouse about 20 rods to a stooping sycamore, a stone, thence south parallel with first line about twenty poles to a stone, thence a north direction about 8 poles to the beginning, also less 9 1/2 of an acre heretofore sold S. H. Lee, both of said last mentioned pieces of land are included by the meter and bounds as above set out and are to be deducted therefrom. For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgement. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

WANTED!

A trustworthy gentleman or lady is sought to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of \$150 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclosed address envelope. Manager, 300 Paxton Bldg Chicago.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of D. H. Oliver deceased, will please present same properly proven within the next 60 days, or be forever barred from collecting same.

This Nov. 18th, 1903.

M. F. Pogue, Adm'r.

Warts on her fingers, corns on her toe will be miserable wherever she goes, unless she uses Dr. Mendonhall's Corn Cure. 15 cents at druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price by J. C. Mendonhall, Evansville, Ind.

"Lost, Strayed, or Stolen."

One brindle male pup, 3 months old; answers to "Rover." Any information leading to its recovery will be thankfully received.

Rowe M. Gilbert,

R. J. MORRIS

Dentist,

MARION, KY

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

EMBALMER.

R. F. DORR

Kentucky

DEALER IN

COFFINS AND CASKETS.

BURIAL ROBES AND SLIPPERS.

Fine Hearse for Funeral Occasions.

Picture Frames of all kinds made to order. Picture Mats.

S. R. ADAMS

H. H. COCHRAN

Adams & Cochran Machinists.

DEALERS IN

Mining Machinery, Steam Fittings of all Kinds, Etc.

Sole Agents for THE SULLIVAN MACHINE CO., Manufacturers of
ROCK DRILLS, DIAMOND DRILL, AIR COMPRESSORS, ETC.

Repair Work of all kinds Given Prompt Attention.

MARION, KY.

H. K. WOODS

J. H. ORME

Woods & Orme,

LEADING DRUGGISTS.

School Supplies, Diamond Dyes, all sizes Glass.

Prescriptions Compounded at all Hours, Day or Night

MARION GRADED SCHOOL,



SPRING TERM BEGINS

Monday, January 18, 1904.

Enter the Leading Graded School in Western Kentucky and prepare for Business, Success and Life. Tuition Cheap, Board Low. \$44.00 for four months, complete expenses.

CHARLES EVANS, Supt. Marion, Ky.

TOOK THE BLUE RIBBON.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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BOWERS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DILEMMA OF CAPTAIN HELM.

ONCE JAZON, feeling like a fish returned to the water after so long and torturing captivity in the open air, plunged him to the forest with anticipations of lively adventure and made his way toward the Wabash plains. It was his purpose to get a boat at the village of Onondienon and pull thence up the Wabash until he could find out what the English were doing. He chose for his companions on this dangerous expedition two expert courreurs de bois, Dutremble and Jacques Hallopp. Fifty miles up the river they fell in with some friendly Indians, well known to them all, who were returning from the portage.

The savages informed them that there were no signs of an English advance in that quarter. Some of them had been as far as the St. Joseph river and to within a short distance of Detroit without seeing a white man or hearing of any suspicious movements on the part of Hamilton. So back came Uncle Jazon with his pleasing report, much disappointed that he had not been able to stir up some sort of trouble.

"What did I tell you?" he cried, in a jolly mood, slapping Beverley on the shoulder. "I knew mighty well that it was all a big story with nothing in it. What on earth would the English be thinking about to march an army away off down here only to capture a rotten stockade and a lot of gabbling party voices?"

Beverley, while he did not feel quite as confident as his chief was not sorry that things looked a little brighter than he had feared they would turn out to be. Secretly and without acknowledging it to himself he was delighted with the life he was living.

He began to like walking about alone in the town's narrow streets, with the mud daubed eathas on either hand. This simple life under how-thatched roofs had a charm. Everybody cried cheerily, "Bon jour, monsieur, comment allez vous?" as he went by, always accompanying the verbal salute with a graceful wave of the hand.

But it was always a glimpse of Alice that made count for everything in Beverley's reckoning, albeit he would have strenuously denied it. True he went to Roussillon place almost every day, it being a fixed part of his well-ordered habit, and had a talk with her sometimes, when Dame Roussillon was very busy and so quite off her guard they read together in a novel or in certain parts of the odd volume of *Mon dialogue*. This was done more for the sweetness of dissemblance than to enjoy the already familiar pages.

Now and again they repeated their fencing bout, but never with the result which followed the first. Beverley soon mastered Alice's tricks and showed her that, after all, masculine muscle is not to be discounted at its own game by even the most wonderful womanly strength and suppleness. She struggled bravely to hold her vantage ground once gained so easily, but the inevitable was not to be avoided. At last one bowing winter day he disarmed her by the very trick that she had shown him. That ended the play, and they ran, shivering, into the house.

"Ah," she cried, "it isn't fair. You are so much bigger than I. You have so much longer arms, so much more weight and power. It all counts against me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" She was rosy with the exhilarating exercise and the biting of the frosty breeze. Her beauty gave forth a new ray.

Deep in her heart she was pleased to have him master her so superbly; but as the days passed she never said so, never gave over trying to make him feel the touch of her foil. She did not know that her eyes were getting through his guard, that her dimples were stabbing his heart to its middle.

"You have other advantages," he replied, "which far overbalance my greater stature and stronger muscles." Then after a pause he added, "After all a girl must be a girl."

Somthing in his face, something in her heart, startled her so that she made a quick little move like that of a restless bird.

"You are beautiful, and that makes my eyes and my hand uncertain," he went on. "Were I fencing with a man there would be no glamour."

He spoke in English, which he did not often do in conversation with her. It was a sign that he was somewhat wrought upon. She followed his rapid words with difficulty, but she caught from them a new note of feeling. He saw a little pale flame shoot across her face and thought she was angry.

"You should not use your dimples to distract my vision," he quickly added, with a light laugh. "It would be no worse for me to throw my hat in your face."

His attempt at levity was obviously weak. She looked straight into his eyes with the steady gaze of a simple, earnest nature shocked by a current quite strange to it. She did not understand him, and she did. Her fine intuition had sensed swiftly together a

hundred shreds of impression received from him during their recent growing intimacy. He was a patrician, as she vaguely made him out, a man of wealth, whose family was great. He belonged among people of gentle birth and high attainments. She magnified him so that he was diffused in her imagination, as difficult to comprehend as a mist in the morning air and as beautiful.

"You make fun of me," she said very deliberately, letting her eyes droop. Then she looked up again suddenly and continued, with a certain naive expression of disappointment gathering in her face. "I have been too free with you. Father Beret told me not to forget my dignity when in your company. He told me you might misunderstand me. I don't care. I shall not fence with you again!" She laughed, but there was no joyous freedom in the sound.

"Why, Alice—my dear Miss Roussillon, you do me a wrong. I beg a thousand pardons if I've hurt you," he cried, stepping nearer to her, "and I can never forgive myself. You have somehow misunderstood me. I know you have!"

In his part it was exaggerating a mere contact of mutual feelings into a dangerous collision. He was as much self deceived as was she, and he made more noise about it.

"It is you who have misunderstood me," she replied, smiling brightly now, but with just a faint, pitiful touch of regret or self blame lingering in her voice. "Father Beret said you would I did not believe him, but"

"And you shall not believe him," said Beverley. "I have not misunderstood you. There has been nothing. You have treated me kindly and with beautiful friendliness. You have not done or said a thing that Father Beret or anybody else could criticize, and if I have said or done the least thing to trouble you I repudiate it. I did not mean it. Now you believe me, don't you, Miss Roussillon?"

He seemed to be falling into the initial of speaking to her in English. She understood it somewhat imperfectly, especially when in an earnest moment he rushed his words together as if they had been soldiers he was leading at the charge step against an enemy. His manner confused her even though his better fell short.

"Then we'll talk about something else," she said, laughing naturally now and retreating to a chair by the hearth-side. "I want you to tell me all about yourself and your family, your home and everything."

She seated herself with an air of confidence and motioned him to take a distant stool.

There was a great heap of dry logs in the fireplaces, with pointed flames shooting out of their crevices and leaping into the gloomy cavellike throat of the flue. Outside a wind passed heavily across the roof and bellowed in the chimney top.

Beverley drew the stool near Alice, who with a charred stick used as a poker was thrusting at the glowing coals and sending showers of sparks aloft.

"Why, there wouldn't be much to tell," he said, glad to feel secure again. "Our home is a big old mansion named Beverley Hall, on a hill among trees and half surrounded with slave cabins. It overlooks the plantation in the valley."

And Alice went on through the beautiful and perfect prayer, which she repeated in English with infinite sweetness and solemnity, her eyes uplifted, her hands clasped before her. Beverley could have sworn that she was a shining saint and then he saw an impulse.

"I know," she continued, "that some time, somewhere, to a very dear person, I promised that I never, never, never would pray any prayer but that, and I remember almost nothing else about that other life, which is far off back yonder in the past. I don't know where

sweet, peaceful, shadowy, a dream that I have all but lost from my mind."

Beverley's sympathy was deeply moved. He sat for some minutes looking at her without speaking. She, too, was pensive and silent while the fire sputtered and sang, the great logs slowly melting, the flames tossing wisps of smoke into the chimney still bellowing to the wind.

"I know, too, that I am not French," she presently resumed, "but I don't know just how I know it. My first words must have been English, for I have always dreamed of talking in that language, and my dimmest half recollections of the old days are of a large, white house and a soft voiced black woman, who sang to me in that language the very sweetest songs in the world."

Beverley listened as one who hears a clever reader intoning a strange and captivating poem. To his mind it was clear that she belonged to the Tarleton family of Virginia. Youth always conduced a matter at once. He knew some of the Tarletons. But it was a widely scattered family, its members living in almost every colony in America. The crest he recognized at a glance by the dragon on the helmet with three stars. It was not for a woman, who sang to me in that language the very sweetest songs in the world."

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"You are beautiful, and that makes my eyes and my hand uncertain," he went on. "Were I fencing with a man there would be no glamour."

"But I can't," she replied, with childlike frankness, "for I don't know where I was born nor my parents' names nor who I am. You see how different it is with me. I am called Alice Roussillon."

ton, but I suppose that my name is Alice Tarleton. It is not certain, however. There is very little to help out the theory. Here is all the proof there is. I don't know that it is worth anything."

She took off her jacket and handed it to him.

He handled it rather indifferently, for he was just then studying the fine lines of her face. But in a moment he was interested.

"Tarleton, Tarleton," he repeated. Then he turned the little disk of gold over and saw the emblazoned drawing on the back, a crest clearly outlined.

He started. The crest was quite familiar.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded in English and with such silent suddenness that she was startled. "Where did it come from?"

"I have always had it."

"Always? It's the Tarleton crest. Do you belong to that family?"

"Indeed I do not know. Papa Roussillon says he thinks I do."

"Well, this is strange and interesting," said Beverley, rather to himself than addressing her. He looked from the miniature to the crest and back to the miniature again, then at Alice. "I tell you this is strange," he repeated, with emphasis. "It is exceedingly strange."

Her cheeks flushed quickly under their soft brown, and her eyes flushed with excitement.

"Yes, I know." Her voice fluttered; her hands were clasped in her lap. She leaned toward him eagerly. "It is strange. I've thought about it a great deal."

"Alice Tarleton, that is right. Alice is a name of the family. Lady Alice Tarleton was the mother of the first Sir Garrett Tarleton who came over in the time of Yardley. It's a great family, one of the oldest and best in Virginia." He looked at her now with a gaze of concentrated interest, under which her eyes fell. "Why, this is romantic," he exclaimed, "absolutely romantic! And you don't know how you came by this crest? You don't know who was your father, your mother?"

"I do not know anything."

"And what does M. Roussillon know?"

"Just as little."

"But how come he to be talking you and caring for you? He must know how he got you, where he got you, whom he got you. Surely he knows?"

"Oh, I know all that. I was twelve years old when Papa Roussillon took me eight years ago. I had been buying a hard life, and but for him I must have died. I was a captive among the Indians. He took me and has cared for me and taught me. He has been very, very good to me. I love him dearly."

"And don't you remember anything at all about whom, where, how, the Indians got you?"

"No." She shook her head and seemed to be trying to recollect something. "No, I just can't remember. And yet there has always been something like a dream in my mind which I could not quite get hold of. I know that I am not a Catholic. I vaguely remember a sweet woman who taught me to pray like this: 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.'"

And Alice went on through the beautiful and perfect prayer, which she repeated in English with infinite sweetness and solemnity, her eyes uplifted, her hands clasped before her. Beverley could have sworn that she was a shining saint and then he saw an impulse.

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might be of priceless value as evidence."

"There is absolutely nothing more to tell," she said. "All my life I have tried to remember more, but it's impossible; I can't get any further back or call up another thing. There's no use trying. It's all like a dream; probably it is one. I do have such dreams. In my sleep I can live myself into the air just as easy and fly back to the same big white house that I seem to remember. When you told me about your home it was like something that I had often seen before. I shall be dreaming about it next."

Beverley cross questioned her from every possible point of view. He was fascinated with the mystery, but she gave him nothing out of which the least further light could be drawn. A half breed woman, it seemed, had been her Indian foster mother, a silent, grave, watchful guardian from whom not a hint of disclosure ever fell. She was moreover a Christian woman who had received her conversion from an English speaking Protestant missionary. She prayed with Alice, thus keeping in the child's mind a perfect memory of the Lord's prayer.

"Well," said Beverley at last, "you are more of a mystery to me than ever I knew."

"Then I must grow every day more distasteful to you."

"No, I love mystery."

He went away feeling a new web of interest binding him to this inscrutable Indian whose life seemed to him at once so full of idyllic happiness and so enshrouded in tantalizing doubt. At the first opportunity he frankly questioned M. Roussillon, with no helpful result. The big Frenchman told the same meager story. The woman was dying in the time of a great epidemic which killed most of her tribe. She gave Alice to M. Roussillon, but told him not a word about her ancestry or previous life. That was all.

A wise old man when he finds himself in a blind alley no sooner touches the terminal wall than he faces about and goes back the way he came. Under like circumstances young men must needs try to batter the wall down with his head. In Beverley's case the clash was profoundly disturbing. And now he clutched the thought that Alice was not a mere child of the woods, but a daughter of an old family of cavaliers!

With coat buttoned close against the driving wind he strode toward the fort in one of those melodramatic moods to which youth in all climates and times is subject. It was like a slap in the face when Captain Helm met him at the stockade gate and said:

"Well, sir, you are good at hiding."

"Hiding! What do you mean, Captain Helm?" he demanded, not in the mildest tone.

"I mean, sir, that I've been hunting for you for an hour and more over the whole of this town. The English and Indians are upon us, and there's no time for fooling. Where are all the men?"

Beverley comprehended the situation in a second. Helm's face was congested with excitement. Some scouts had come in with the news that Governor Hamilton, at the head of 500 or 600 soldiers and Indians, was only three or four miles up the river.

"Where are all the men?" Helm repeated.

"Buffalo hunting, most of them," said Beverley.

"What in thunder are they off hunting buffaloes for?" raged the excited captain.

"You might go to thunder and see," Beverley said, and they both laughed in sheer masculine contempt of a pre-dilection too grave for anything but grim mirth.

The Press.

S. M. JENKINS,
Editor and Publisher.

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OBITUARIES.—Not exceeding 10 lines will be published free of charge. All over 10 lines at 5 cents per line.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT:—\$1.00

The PRESS is in receipt of an article on dancing, without any signature. The PRESS publishes no anonymous matter.

The PRESS would not advocate a county debt for any purpose except turnpikes. Our assessed value for taxation this year is say two and one-half millions.

If \$100,000 were spent within the next ten years on turnpikes, our assessed value at the end of that time would be doubled, and the debt so easy to pay that no one would notice it. We believe, (and experience in other localities proves it), that a debt that size could be paid for THAT PURPOSE, much easier than we now pay our taxes. Let's have turnpikes.

The people of Marion, without regard to color, creed, politics or religion have a positive affection for "Jim" Bigham, and many were the moist eyes in both congregations on the 4th Sunday in Dec., when they convened to hear his farewell sermons. In the morning he was tendered the Presbyterian church, and the audience that turned out to hear him was an evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his friends in other churches. At night he preached at the Methodist church, on the spot where over a quarter of a century ago he was converted; on the spot where he was married, and where he had held many revivals, where he had preached sermons by the score. It was a trying ordeal for him and one which pulled at his heartstrings, and the vast audience was in sympathy with him and each one feelingly grasped his hand when he had finished his discourse. The people of Crittenden county hope to see him and his family restored to their wonted health and back in old Kentucky at some not distant day.

On account of ill health in his family (several of whom he has lost from pulmonary troubles) Mr Bigham at his request was transferred to the Florida Conference, and will preside over a fine charge at Tallahassee, the capital of the State.

KENTUCKY LEGISLATURE.

Hon Eli H. Brown, of Nelson, was chosen Speaker.

James E. Stone of Breckinridge clerk.

Marion F. Pogue, of Crittenden assistant clerk.

Mrs Amy Lyons, of Jessamine, enrolling clerk.

A. C. Dunn, of Lincoln, door-keeper.

C. W. Longmire, of Fayette, sergeant-at-arms.

Chas Parish of Fayette, janitor.

Jas B. Knox, of Hancock, and Guy Vinson of Muhlenburg cloak room keepers.

Raymond Olive, of Lyon; Herbert Crader of Jefferson; Ernest Renaker, of Harrison; Rebel Martin, of Knott, pages.

IN THE SENATE.

J. Campbell Cantrell was chosen chairman of the Senate caucuses. Wm. Armstrong, of Franklin, clerk.

J. Embry Allen, of Fayette, President pro tem.

W. O. Jones, of Grayson, assistant clerk.

Miss Jennie McDonald of Franklin, enrolling clerk.

Green B. Swango, of Montgomery, sergeant-at-arms.

James McWater, of Marshall, doorkeeper.

James Edwards, of Webster, cloak room keeper.

Jas Richardson, of Meade, janitor.

J. W. Deboe Dead.

Jesse Deboe, one of the county's best citizens, died last Monday at his home near Crayneville and was buried Tuesday in the new Marion cemetery. Rev. J. S. Henry officiated at the funeral. Mr. Deboe married Miss Eliza Pickens, a sister of Messrs. John, Joel and Al. Pickens, and she and one little girl survive him. He was 63 years of age and had been a consistent member of the Baptist church for many years. A. A. A. C., and Phil Deboe are his brothers. Mr. Deboe was one of our substantial citizens, and the country loses much in his death.

Bigham & Browning Sell Out.

The Marion Hardware Co. have purchased the stock of the above firm and will conduct the business at the old stand. Senator W. J. Deboe and Dr. A. J. Driskell compose the firm, which is a guarantee that it will be conducted on a high business plane and in a way to win the patronage of the public as well as their confidence. The firm start in an assured success.

W. D. Browning and R. E. Bigham, two of our leading citizens, are "talking" some of going to California. Mr. Browning informed the PRESS he was uncertain about it. We would regret to lose them and hope they will not go.

The City's New Guardians.

The councilmen elected at the last election were inducted into office last Monday and are a fine body of men. The interests of the city will be well guarded by them, and nothing left undone which would be for the good of the city. Marion is to be congratulated on its new board.

The following gentlemen compose the council:

Rob Haynes.

Al. Pickens.

Tom Yandell.

Lee Cook.

Lewie Clifton.

John A. Moore, city attorney.

J. Bell Kevil, city judge.

J. W. Blue, mayor.

A. S. Canan, marshal.

J. C. Bourland, Clerk.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The following pupils have returned from their holiday vacation:

Cleveland Wolf, Salem.

John Hughes, Kelsey.

Lou Dean, Oak Hall.

Willie Clement, Tolu.

Clarence Thompson, Sheridan.

Myron Quirey, Sullivan.

Leonard Hubbard, Rufus.

Trice Bennett, Tolu.

Katherine Carter, Levias.

Nellie Gray, Salem.

Harold Hodge, Salem.

Edgar Wynne, Providence.

Addie Pope, Repton.

Albert Dunn, Crider.

and many were the smiles and happy hearts when they all got in, all eager for advancement, all eager to resume their studies, all anxious to get back to Marion.

She Knows How to Do It.

The Woodmen assembled at the Conroe Hotel Saturday night, after completing their work in the lodge room and were served with one of the most elaborate suppers that has been spread in Conroe for long time. Mrs Witherspoon had prepared everything good to eat, in her well known style and careful arrangement, and after seating the ladies and gentlemen the tables were served in courses, which was greatly enjoyed by those present. All were highly pleased with the supper, and many compliments were passed upon the hostess.

The above, clipped from the Conroe, Texas, paper, refers to Mrs Witherspoon, wife of Geo. L. Witherspoon, former resident of this county, who now lives in Conroe and with his good wife's assistance conducts what the commercial travelers say is the best hotel in central Texas.

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The family of Wm. Wadlington of Kuttawa are visiting here.

Miss Ida Lou Ramage spent Christmas in Kuttawa.

Miss Mollie Jones is confined to her home by illness.

DYCUSBURG.

Our introduction to the new year is severe.

Dycusburg Bank is open for business.

On Dec. 23d, at Mayfield, Ky., Miss Berneice Yancey and Mr. Chas Brasier, both of Dycusburg, were united in marriage. They were accompanied on their wedding trip by Miss Lola Charles and Mr Cleve Martin, of our town.

The groom, who is the leading salesman for M B Charles, is one of the most popular young business men in the county, and he is considered fortunate in selecting a bride in every way so worthy and so universally esteemed. On their return they were given a reception at the home of the bride's father, Mr G M Yancey. Many friends extend congratulations.

Dycusburg's usual Christmas tree was given at the Methodist church Christmas eve.

The evening of Dec 30th the "Watch and Pray" band, under their Captain, Miss Ella Charles, gave an appreciated entertainment at the Methodist church.

New Year's eve, at the City Hall, the Dycusburg "Jubilee Club" gave an entertainment which in the way of amateur theatrical productions surpassed anything given here for years. Each actor and actress is worthy of enthusiastic comment. Especially were there three young artists on the stage who surprised and thrilled the listeners. They were Master Robert Scott, with his horn, Miss Lilly Graves, with her superior gift and training as an elocutionist, and Miss Mamie Graves, with the wonderful volume and sweetness of her voice in song.

Our citizens are anticipating another treat of the kind within the next two months.

On New Year's night a supper for the children was given at the Methodist church.

Oscar Scott came home from Cairo to spend the holidays. He has rented the property of Mrs Shelby here as a residence for his family.

Mrs Lulu Bunton and family will remove to Kelsey.

Mrs H B Bennett gave an elegant dinner at her country house New Year's day.

Our song evangelist, W. B. Charles was at home from Illinois for a few days during last week.

Misses Myrtle Yancey and Nellie Clifton spent the holidays in Marion.

Pete Drennon, who was reported dead some time ago, has been visiting Dycusburg.

This January 4, 1904

2w Eliza R. Deboe, Exrx.

That fire display was just out of sight.

Belmont school will close in two weeks.

Sherman Woodall is coming in from Kansas in February on a short visit.

Our meeting days are: Piney Creek, the first Saturday and Sunday, Rev J W Vaughn pastor. Piney Fork, second Saturday and Sunday, Rev E L Woodruff pastor. Each church claims to have the best pastor in the county.

SALE NOTICE.

I will on the 15th day of January, 1904, at the late residence of Jesse W. Deboe, dec'd, offer for sale all the personal property of said Deboe, consisting of horses, cattle, hogs, corn, hay, farming implements, wagon, buggy, and household goods; and will also rent farm for the ensuing year.

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The Press.

S. M. JENKINS,
Editor and Publisher.

NE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1904.

Mrs. Dora Melton is here on a visit to her sister.

Marshal A. S. Cannon was in Evansville last Thursday.

Breakfast Bell Coffee, the nectar of the Gods. Goodloe.

Col. D. C. Roberts is back from a visit to his wife in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Maxwell left Monday for Denver, Colorado.

Breakfast Bell Coffee has an aroma that is quite inviting. Goodloe.

J. Anthony Davidson left for Louisville on the noon train Tuesday.

W. C. Walker and wife spent the holidays with relatives in Princeton.

Cottolene makes light biscuits, tasty and palatable. Try it. Goodloe.

Miss Frances Shepard, of Tolu, entered Marion Graded School Monday.

Lewis Clifton and wife visited his father's family at Dycburg last week.

Rev. Fred D. Hale opened a protracted meeting at the Baptist church last night.

Baked Beans in tomatoes can up are indeed a delicacy. Try them. Goodloe.

Miss Lally Cook, of Paducah, spent the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Clifton.

Mr. Lanham, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., of Union county, was in Marion Tuesday.

Mrs. Eph Dole, who has been here on a visit, will return to Indian Territory Saturday.

Hung Keystone brand, the acme of perfection, sweet pickle in bulk and in bottles. Goodloe.

J. M. Brown and wife, from Dwight, Ill., are visiting W. D. Cannon and family.

Miss Leslie Woods will go with the Indian Territory, party Saturday, to join her parent at Millburn.

Miss Core Clark will leave Saturday for Millburn, I. T., to visit her brother, Dr. J. J. Clark and family.

The stork left a beautiful little girl baby at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor Christmas day.

Frank Horroh, of Grayneville, was here Wednesday. He represents the Kentucky Fluor Spar Co. there.

Wm. Booth, the Main street barber, went to his old home for the holidays. He returned to his post Friday.

Miss Gertrude Cullen, of Gracey, and Mrs. A. S. Cannon attended the social Hop at Henshaw, December 31st.

Mrs. Judge Kevil and Miss Rose Kevil are enjoying their sojourn in California, and both are improving.

Geo. H. Murphy, of Amarillo, Tex., is visiting his old friends in the county this week. He will return to Texas today.

Mr. Albert Shelby, of Louisville, spent the holidays with his sisters, Miss Evelyn Shelby and Mrs. John W. Wilson.

Sherman Franklin is here on a visit from Millburn, I. T. He will return soon, as he is well pleased with his business out there.

J. B. Hubbard has purchased for his daughter a beautiful new piano. A Christmas gift like that is none too good for Miss Mamie.

We are informed that arrangements have been made for a young man's meeting by the Y. M. C. A. for the last Sunday in January.

Cottolene is the latest improved edition of lard with all the disagreeable points removed. You'll like it if you try it. Goodloe.

E. H. James and family, of Evansville, spent the Christmas and New Year holidays with the family of his father, Judge L. H. James.

On account of the sickness of W. H. Bierler, the illustrated edition will not be published this week, but will come out later in the month, probably the 21st.

Geo. P. Roberts, who went to Chicago on the 23rd ult., returned home Monday on the noon train, after spending ten days with his mother and sister there.

Oh, what a delight to have a cup of Breakfast Bell Coffee, Good enough for old Queen Victoria herself, or our Marion grandmothers either. Goodloe.

Christmas and New Year are gone, but we still have a few cans of "swan brand" asparagus left. Crisp and tender, quite toothsome. Goodloe.

Miss Maude Hurley and little brother, Roy, spent the Christmas and New Year holidays in Louisville, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Blackburn.

\$100,000.00 a year at Lafayette.

INRURANCE Agency of Bourland & Haynes, MARION, KY.

**Fire, Life and Tornado,
Health and Accident,
Employers Liability,
Steam Boiler, Plate Glass,
Etc., Etc.**

All business entrusted to our
care will receive prompt and care-
ful attention.

Mrs. Columbus Nealy's Party

Mrs. Nealy entertained her friends in honor of her sister, Mrs. Samuel H. Cromwell, of Henderson, on Tuesday afternoon, December 29th, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Refreshments were served during the afternoon, and the guests were given quite a treat by some recitations by Miss Mary Lambert Cromwell, the hostess' niece, and some choice music. This function was one of the most pleasant of the holidays. Mrs. Cromwell and children left for their home the following day. Those present were: Mrs. Sydney Dupuy, Mrs. Marshall Jenkins, Mrs. Ellen Cott, Mrs. Chas. Moore, Mrs. Lon Johnson, Mrs. Dr. Moore, Mrs. Frank Dodge, Mrs. Rodgers, of Henderson, Mrs. J. G. Rochester, Mrs. Eva Moore, Mrs. Henry Stone, Mrs. R. I. Nunn and Mrs. Leo Cook.

Noirma Club Banquet

The ladies of the Noirma Club gave a banquet on the evening of January 31st, and invited their husbands. The home of ex Senator Deboe was thrown open to the Club and a cordial welcome given to all. The amusement of the evening were a "peanut contest" and a "zoo."

An elegant dinner was served at 8:30. The tables were resplendent with silver and cut glass. The cloth and napkins—hand embroidered were made in Germany, being a present from the German Ambassador to Mrs. Deboe.

The following ladies and gentlemen were present: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blue, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Yandell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Goo. Crider, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Nunn, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haynes, Mrs. Joe Walker, Mrs. Orue and Senator and Mrs. Deboe.

Everyone sending 25 cents for a year's subscription to Dr. Inmer's Health and New Thought monthly, The New Era, and guessing Sal's correct age, will be presented with a beautiful gold fountain pen. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

The Grand Ball at Opera House.

Cards announcing the "First Annual Christmas Ball" were welcome visitors at the homes of all those who enjoy tripping the light fantastic and invited the recipient and friend to the opera house on Christmas night. One hundred invitations were issued and a splendid band from Smithland engaged, and the occasion was swell in the extreme. The opera house was decorated beautifully and tastefully. At midnight the gay dancers repaired to the New Marion Hotel, where a feast fit for the Gods had been prepared by mine host Baird and his assistants. After the courses were served the dance was resumed and continued until the wee small hours, when carriages were called and whirled the guests to their various homes just as the streaks of dawn were appearing in the east. With one accord the affair was described as elegant, and the hope was expressed that it would soon be repeated.

A DINING.
An elegant dining was given recently at the New Potter House by Mr. and Mrs. E. Watkins in honor of the two brides and grooms, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whitney. A number of old friends were invited to meet the bridal party and have a general good time and reunion. Dinner was served at 1:30, and was in session for an hour and a half, during which there was many jokes and good wishes for the young couples. After the course dinner the crowd repaired to the parlors and spent the afternoon in social remarks. The two weddings of two good friends that occurred far apart happily occurred on the same day and brought the brides and grooms together to spend the holidays at the Potter House. Mr. Whitney will be remembered as former stenographer of the Potter, Matlock Bank, of this city, and is now of Water Valley, Miss., where he holds a position as accountant in the superintendent's office of the Illinois Central R. R. His marriage a few days since to Miss Annie Dorr at Marion, Ky., is the consummation of a year's engagement which brought him to Kentucky again and to Bowling Green to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Watkins at the Potter House. Mr. Watkins, as formerly reported by the News, was married last week at Nashville to Miss Ruby Cannon, of this city, and has just returned from a bridal trip South. About fifteen were invited to meet the double bridal party, among them: Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Dill, Mr. E. C. Reeves, Mr. Robt. Osteen and others whose names we failed to get.—

Albert Hunt, who married a daughter of Jas. Couch the day before the Couch family left for Colorado, and who accompanied them, died there last week. They went West in search of health about two months ago. The bride, who is now widowed, has the sympathy of many friends here who knew her and her husband and whose hearts will go out to her in her loneliness in a strange land.

O. O. Davis and J. T. Franks are new clerks at the Miners Trading Co. store, Mr. Franks has charge of the dry goods department.—Lafayette (Col.) News. We are in receipt of a copy of the Lafayette News from our old townsmen John Franks, who is now living there. He has charge of the dry goods department of the Miners Trading Co., one of the largest mercantile establishments in the West, having seven stores at various points. They do a business of \$100,000.00 a year at Lafayette.

Miss Maude Hurley and little brother, Roy, spent the Christmas and New Year holidays in Louisville, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Blackburn.

The "As You Like It" Club Banquet.

The ladies composing the "As You Like It" Club gave a reception in honor of their husbands and a few invited guests at the New Marion Hotel on Monday night, December 28th, which was indeed elegant and delightful in all its appointments and was unanimously rated an occasion long to be remembered on account of the pleasant memories associated with it. The contests were spirited, and in every case were unique and sparkling with originality. The first was the "Art Gallery" contest, and it was a source of much pleasure to the streams of visitors who thronged it from the time it was thrown open, all eager to win the prizes. Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Jenkins finally were decided winners, although they had to contest for the honors with a half dozen other lucky ones who also had the answers correct. The Booty prizes were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Groves, of Hawesville, Ky. Next came the choice of partners for supper, which was by a fishing contest, and the "catch" in each case was a pleasant surprise, and reminded each friend of the days of "Auld Lang Syne" as he tripped out to the Banquet table with some other fellow's girl. The delicacies of the season and the fruits of all climes were daintily served, while the soft strains of the Italian harp, that sweetest of all instruments, floated out on the air. Mrs. Jenkins had prepared a special list of music for the occasion and it was much appreciated and enjoyed by all present. Next came the historical contest, which was especially interesting and novel. Mrs. Moore did the honors as hostess, assisted by Miss Leah Wilborn. Those present, other than the hostess and her fair assistant, were Prof. and Mrs. Groves, Hawesville; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sayre, Congressman and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Jenkins, Misses Lena, Ina and Sallie Woods, Mrs. Perry Maxwell, Mrs. Edgar James, Misses Lizzie and Ruby James, Miss Nell Walker, Messrs. Sam Gugenheim, D. C. Roberts, W. J. Jones, W. D. Baird and Haywood Williams.

This week's puzzle:

A boy went into Clifton's store and said to Tom: "If you'll give me as much money as I have now, I'll buy a dime's worth from you." Tom, always obliging, complied with his request and the boy did as he agreed to do—spent ten cents with Tom. The youngster then called on Lewis and repeated his proposition and it was as eagerly accepted, and all requirements fulfilled by both parties. Next, seeing another Clifton there, he called on Will and repeated the offer as previously made to Lewis and Tom, but when he had spent his dime with Will he discovered that it required all his money. Now, how much money did he have when he began?

Answer will not be given out, but will be published next week, and all answers received will be shuffled one drawn next Monday at 9 o'clock, and prize winner ascertained.

Last week's puzzle:

Who was born before his mother, died before his father and was the first to rest in his grandmother's bosom?

Answer: Abel. Eve, the mother, was created, and the earth, the grandmother, is that from which Eve was made.

First correct answer was received from Mamie Love, Marion, which makes her the prize winner.

Other correct answers were received from:

Maurie Boston, Marion.
Willie Fritts, "
Ted Boston, "
Mamie Fritts, "
Wilbur Boston, "
Medley Cannan, "
Susie Boston, "
Bernice Davis, Lola.

POLICE COURT.

Will Kirk, b. of p. \$ 9.75

" " drunkenness 9.50

Samp Bigham, drunkenness 9.50

Frank Calico, " 9.50

Seth Thos. Wilson, " 9.50

Ander Byford, " 9.50

Samp Bigham, " 9.50

Tom Morgan, gaming 23.75

R. Wallingford, drunkenness 9.50

Jasper McBride, " 9.50

Arthur Letzinger, " 9.75

Samp Bigham, " 9.75

Marshall Hughes, " 9.75

John Logan Robertson, b. of p. 11.50

Wm. Brown, "Black Hawk," b. of p. 9.50

Richard Dawson, drunkenness 9.50

Dick Spur, drunkenness 9.50

Brig Kirk, b. of p. 9.50

Wm. Young, "rockless riding 14.50

" " drunkenness 9.50

Press Stone, " 9.50

Total.....\$1,26,429.06

Amount of last dividend .12 per cent

Were all expenses, losses,

interest and taxes deducted

therefrom before declaring

dividend and was not less

than 10 per cent. of the net

earnings of the bank, for the

period covered by the divi-

dent, carried to the surplus

fund before said dividend

was declared.....Yes

STATE OF KENTUCKY) ss.

County of Crittenton)

E. J. Hayward, cashier of Farmers Bank, a bank located and doing busi-

ness at the S. W. corner of Main and

Carlisle streets, in the city of Marion,

said county, being duly sworn, says the

foregoing report is in all respects a true

statement of the condition of the said

bank at the close of business on the 31st

day of December, 1903, to the best of his

knowledge and belief; and further say

that the business of said bank has been

transacted at the location named and no

elsewhere; and that the report is made

in compliance with an official

notice received from the Secretary of

State designating the 31st day of December, 1903 as the day on which such

report shall be made.

E. J. HAYWARD, Cashier.

P. B. CROFT S. S. SULLIVAN Directors.

E. W. JONES

Sub

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Crittenden County Will be Appropriately Represented.

From the extent of the development of Crittenden county's mineral deposits of zinc and lead Marion may be expected to become in the near future the "Japlin" of Kentucky, and Crittenden county's minerals are not confined to lead and zinc. A very superior clay is found in the county, and will be exhibited at the World's Fair in St. Louis along with other things out of the earth hereabout. This clay is being sent to the Brockman Pottery company, of Cincinnati, which is making pitchers out of it. Alongside the samples of clay will, therefore, be displayed the finished product.

Mr. J. W. Blue, of Marion, as a member of the mineral committee of the Kentucky Exhibit association is looking especially after the rhinocerous, lead and zinc display from this county, his company having subscribed \$200 to the fund being raised by the association.

Another exhibit from the county will be of coke from the Bell coal vein. Coal from this mine was sent to the Ashland Iron and Mining company some time since and coked for the Kentucky Exhibit Association. The Agricultural committee for Crittenden county, consisting of Charles W. Fox, Frances, and J. W. Tillery, Piney P. O., is gathering samples to go in Kentucky's agricultural space at the exposition. Crittenden Springs has been asked by the Exhibit association to make a display of its waters.

Five prominent citizens of the county are interesting themselves in the forestry exhibit and in the recent visit of Mr. William Boaz, representing this department of the exhibit association, promised to assist in making the exhibit from Crittenden creditable. Those looking especially after this part of the work are Messrs. J. D. Roberts, P. S. Maxwell, R. D. Dresher, J. E. Glass and J. P. Pierce.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long writes Mrs. Charles Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other medicines failed three \$1 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure coughs, colds in grippe, bronchitis, and other throat and lung troubles. Price 50¢ and \$1. Trial bottle free at Woods' Co. drug store.

ON PAROLE FOR HOLIDAY.

Uniontown, Pa., Dec. 30.—Jim Swaney, the convicted murderer of "Big Bill" Turner, was permitted to spend the merry Christmas with his wife and twelve children at the Swaney home on the mountain side, not far from the West Virginia line. He was bonded to come back to Uniontown and give himself up, to be taken to the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh to begin his sentence.

When the jury came in with a verdict against Swaney, holding him guilty of murder in the second degree in shooting Turner at Haydenville last September, the prisoner leaned over and whispered to his lawyer. Then the lawyer spoke to the Judge.

"What's that?" asked the Judge. "This man wants to know if he can't go home and spend Christmas with his family," replied the lawyer. "He says he'll come back, and, your honor, I believe he will."

There was a consultation.

"Let him go," said the sheriff and district attorney together. "He'll be on hand all right."

"Sure, I will," responded Swaney, earnestly. "I only want to see my wife and the kids before I go up."

More as a matter of form than anything else, Swaney's four brothers signed his bail bond for \$10,000.

As he walked out of court the crowd in the room cheered and ap-

plauded. No one doubted that he will return at the time stipulated. Bill Turner, whom Swaney slew, figured in an incident similar to this not long before he was killed. He was convicted of a petty offense and sentenced to a year in the workhouse at Pittsburgh.

"See here, Bill," said Sheriff McCormick, "I'm too busy to take you up. Suppose you go along by yourself."

"They won't let me in, maybe," demurred Turner.

"Yes they will," the sheriff assured him.

So Turner went to Pittsburgh unaccompanied. He wrote back a few days later that he came near returning to Uniontown because the workhouse officers haggled so long about permitting him to enter that they made him mad. "But I crossed 'em out," said Turner, and they finally told me to come in."

Pointed Paragraphs.

Sometimes it requires a wonderful amount of bravery to admit that you are afraid to do certain things.

We have great respect for the man who cheerfully admits that he drives one of the slowest horses in town.

You can not judge the piety of the parents by the size of the family Bibles on the center table in the front room.

Every time we see a man beating a horse we are quite sure that Ingersoll was mistaken. There's only one place where such a man could be adequately punished.

A host of men have gone to the bad trying to be good fellows.

The average woman can extract a world of satisfaction out of an opportunity of saying, "I told you so."

Ever since David smote Goliath people have had a habit of standing off at a safe distance and throwing rocks at sin.

Somehow or other we rather pity the baby that is painfully neat and clean. It is a sign that it is not having a good time.

When a wife gets a letter from her husband she is not satisfied unless it conveys the information that he is awfully lonesome.

Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.

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A sample will be sent free upon request. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
soc. and \$1; all druggists.

The WORLD'S BEST

By EVERY TEST

Gold Medals for high standard quality at New Orleans, 1885; Paris, 1893.

For sale by
EBERLE, HARDIN & CO.

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

Do not take chances on it wearing away or experiment with some unknown preparation which will only half cure it at best, and leave the bronchial tubes and lungs weakened and susceptible to attack from the germs of Consumption.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold.

It Saved His Life After the Doctor Said He Had Consumption.

W. R. Davis, Vissalia, California, writes:—"There is no doubt but what FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR saved my life. I had an awful cough on my lungs and the doctor told me I had consumption. I commenced taking FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR and found relief from the first and three bottles cured me completely."

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

THREE SIZES, 25c, 50c and \$1.00

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

R. F. HAYNES, LEADING DRUGGIST, MARION, KY.



WHAT IS A KISS?

Here is a number of clever definitions of a kiss:

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The only known smack that will calm a storm.

A telegram from the heart, in which the operator uses the "sonning" process.

Nothing, divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon either.

The sweetest libation of the world language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband, or console the grief of childhood.

The thunderclap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eye.

A report of headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of Romeo and Juliet.

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, lassitude into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box at Woods.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS!

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

Direct to Havana

Via Illinois Central R. R. to New Orleans and the weekly Southern Pacific S. S., "Louisiana," to Havana. Leave Chicago and Cincinnati Friday morning, leave St. Louis and Louisville Friday noon, arrive New Orleans Saturday 10:00 a. m., leave Saturday 2:00 p. m., arriving at Havana Monday morning. Round-trip and one-way through tickets at unusually low rates. Free Illinois Central R. R. Illustrated Folder on Cuba, giving all particulars on application.

Ocean Steamships From New Orleans

Ocean steamship sailings from New Orleans for Mexico, Panama, Central and South America, West Indies, etc. via the Illinois Central and New Orleans. Enclosed is a special folder issued by the Illinois Central R. R. Send for a copy.

Mexico-California

Special tours of Mexico and California via the Illinois Central and New Orleans, under the auspices of Raymond & Whitcomb, will leave Chicago Friday, February 12, for Mexico and California via New Orleans, including a stop-over for the Mardi Gras; also from Chicago Friday, March 4th, for California via the Illinois Central and New Orleans. Entire trips made in special private vestibule cars of finest Pullmans, with dining car service. Fascinating trips, complete in every detail.

Illinois Central Weekly Excursions to California. Excursion Cars through to Los Angeles and San Francisco as follows: Via New Orleans and the Southern Route every Wednesday from Chicago; every Tuesday from Cincinnati; Via Omaha and the Scenic Route every Wednesday from Chicago.

Mardi Gras

This occurs at New Orleans on February 16, 1904. For it excursion rates will be in effect to New Orleans on specific dates which your local ticket agent will be able to advise you.

New Orleans

A delightfully unique city for the tourist to visit. Winter tourist rates now in effect. Double daily service and fast steam heated vestibule trains with through sleeping cars, buffet-linen smoking car service and all meals enroute in dining cars. Ask for an illustrated book on New Orleans.

Gulfport, Miss.

The Great Southern Hotel, at Gulfport, Miss., on the Mexican Gulf Coast, has 250 rooms single or en suite, with or without bath. Steam heat, electric light, hot and cold running water, and telephone in every room. Reached via Memphis and the Illinois Central's fast morning trains, carrying sleeping and buffet-linen cars, with a single change, on same train en route to Memphis, into through sleeping car to Gulfport. Send for illustrated folder describing Gulfport and the hotel.

Hot Springs, Ark.

Direct Pullman Sleeping Car Service via Memphis. Send for book describing this most interesting of health and pleasure resort.

Full Particulars concerning all of the agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing the nearest of the undersigned representatives of the "Central."

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A., Louisville.
A. J. McDougall, D. P. A., N. O.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.
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For sale by
EBERLE, HARDIN & CO.

The WORLD'S BEST

By EVERY TEST

Gold Medals for high standard quality at New Orleans, 1885; Paris, 1893.

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Old Dr. Crawford residence.

Beautiful location. Best house for the money in Kentucky. We feed the people, give us a call, we guarantee satisfaction.

MEAT & MALT



THE IDEAL TONIC AND RECONSTRUCTIVE.
There's Life and Strength in Every Drop.

A scientific combination of the essential constituents of PRIME BEEF and PURE OLD MALT.

Louisville, Ky., January 22, 1904.
MEAT & MALT CO., Louisville, Ky.
Gentlemen: Having examined your Meat and Malt preparation, and being thoroughly acquainted with its composition and mode of manufacture, I can state that it is an efficient, safe and reliable article for those who are having trouble with their digestive organs. It is especially beneficial in nervous prostration and all diseases attended with debility. Yours truly,

L. D. KASTENBINE, M. D.,
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MEAT & MALT CO., Louisville, Ky.

WANTED—Faithful person to travel for well established house in a few countries, calling on retail merchants and agents. Local territory. Salary \$20.00 per week with expenses additional, all payable in cash each week. Money for expenses advanced. Position permanent. Business successful and rushing. Standard House, 330 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Pope—Memoranda Calendar.

The re-issue of the Pope bicycle daily leaf calendar may be considered the opening gun proclaiming the natural and healthful return of

Local News.

Gossipy Letters From all Sections of the County.

SHERIDAN.

As Sheridan has been silent for some time we will say something this week. We don't talk much. Why? Because we have too much to talk about, consequently we do lots of thinking.

Prosperity still surrounds our city. Bro Noe's mines are going all the time. He is the only man around here that didn't stop to take Christmas. He said his rich mines of lead, zinc and spar was Christmas enough for him. Bro Noe isn't very long legged but awful long headed; when it comes to mining, and deserves credit for his discovery, which is beyond a doubt the richest in the county.

The Cartwright Mining company has shut down for Christmas. Will resume work again the first of the year.

The Holly mines has took out and quit. They are going to move the machinery away.

R. G. Bebout will begin the study of law the first of the year with Hon A. C. Moore.

Miss Willie Morris has been visiting the family of Dr. W. F. Gardner for some time but has returned home.

Dr. Gardner's son Lewis has been quite sick for several days, but is improving at this writing.

The sick list is short. Miss Hattie Douakey has been suffering from an ingrowing nail, which Dr. Gardner removed a few days ago; she is improving slowly.

Miss Lena Douakey has returned home from Marion, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Philip Cox, and Henry Moore is all smiles.

John Love is on the sick list.

Joe Wiggins will soon be ready to do business for the general public at the Jim Terry and Willis Stallions old stand.

Mr Wiggins is a welcome citizen of Sheridan. He will open a general mercantile store and will sell goods at the very lowest prices for cash.

Morgan Henson happened to a very painful accident the other day, by getting his finger mashed. Dr Gardner was hurriedly sent for and amputated the finger beyond the crushed bone and he is getting along fine.

Dr Gardner and wife made a flying visit to Carrsville to spend the Christmas with their parents, returning Sunday.

Tom Hamilton has gone to Evansville where he will undergo a surgical operation. The very best wishes of our people are with him and we pray for his safe return home, sound and well. We can't afford to lose him, he being one of our best citizens.

TOLU.

We are glad to report L. A. Weldon's condition as much improved.

Uncle Bill Coffield is gradually growing weaker. He is not expected to live. He wants every one to visit him in his afflictions.

C. E. Weldon, of Marion, was here Sunday.

The Government steamer Golden Rod was at our landing Thursday, attending to the light house.

A. C. Melton, of Marion, and a Mr. Brazil were here Saturday on business.

The recent rains have caused quite a rise in the river, but for some unknown cause we have no packets running, and consequently no mail except by the Marion route. A motion to dismiss the river mails entirely is now in order.

Dave Patmor wants your squirrel hides. He talks of engaging in the manufacture of furs.

We had a severe storm here Friday evening; no damage except some fencing blown down.

Miss Maggie Franks visited her sister, Mrs. T. T. Guess, Friday and Saturday.

Ed E. Weldon and family spent Christmas in Tolu.

Walter Bell and family, of Tolu visited home folks at E'town on Christmas.

James Sells, of Caldwell county visited the family of J. J. Thomas of this place, Saturday and Sunday.

George Gass and family visited relatives in this place Sunday.

The Farmers and Merchants Bank will open up for business at this place Jan. 4th.

Walter Funkhouser is on an extended visit near Shady Grove.

Miss Lelia Carter returned to her school Sunday. Her brother, J. B. Carter, accompanied her.

Simp Weldon made an electioneering trip to Bells Mines Sunday. Bells Mines is Simp's stronghold now, as he has about given up Marion.

Kay Kevil, of Marion, was here two days of last week surveying land on Hurricane Island, for the Croft heirs. Kay put up at the Minner Hotel, opposite the Weldon House.

A happy New Year to Editor Jenkins, correspondents and all readers of the PRESS, wishing all a prosperous year.

RODNEY.

Misses Clara and Addie Nunn are visiting in Owensboro.

J. N. Trout was in Weston Saturday.

Miss Arabella Crisp of Mattoon is visiting here this week.

W. S. Hicklin of Marion was here Monday.

Roy E. W. Kemp is conducting a series of meetings near Dixon.

Butler Crisp has just returned from an extensive tour of the west. He went in search of a location and bought land of an Indian near Ardmore, I. T.

There is a considerable measles scare between here and Mattoon.

Wm Nation of Crooked creek, visited here Sunday.

Lacy Nunn was in Sturgis Saturday.

There was a delightful supper at E. L. Nunn's Wednesday night. Refreshments of the season were served and all report an enjoyable time.

A. L. Sullivan was in Sturgis Wednesday.

Mrs Elva Fritts, of Mattoon visited her mother, Mrs. H. L. Sullivan, during Christmas.

Several of our boys on returning home from a hunt near Baker on Christmas day were caught in the snow storm and two of them came very near losing their horse—or their horse losing them, perhaps.

There was a very pleasant supper at R. L. Phillips on Saturday night.

J. H. Truitt was in Sturgis Friday.

E. L. Nunn and daughters were in Sturgis Wednesday.

ROSE BUD.

Christmas has come and gone, and with it the usual round of festivities and gaieties.

A pound supper at R. L. Phillips' was greatly enjoyed by the young people Saturday night.

A singing at Bud Mayes Sunday night.

G. T. Drury's family have moved to Marion.

F. E. Davis and family have gone on a visit to Henderson country.

Ernie Eddings paid a flying visit to his father's last Sunday from Gladstone, where he has been living of late.

Finis Chandler wants to know what kind of Bird food is good for a canary.

Joe Duncan will crop with J. M. Walker next year.

Not long since a woman of this community took the milk pail and

went to the barn lot to milk the cow, and when she emerged from the barn with the feed, she was met at the door by a calf about 6 months old, who deliberately lifted her on his head and proceeded to promenade the lot with her.

When he decided to liberate her she hobbled to the house, declaring he had horns three feet long, and that she never would attempt to milk again while that calf was alive.

One evening not very long ago, a man saw what he thought was the moon; it was so bright that he remarked to some one that the man in the moon was so plain that you could see his teeth, but on closer observation it proved to be Nick Thurmond riding up the road with his face beaming with joy.

Lee Oneal says there is no place like Ves Newcom's to find receipts to cure calves.

Miss Annie says never mind, she thinks her time is coming; so she will submit herself to the will of the Woods.

There was quite a crowd attended court at Baker Wednesday. Miss Nannie Phelps says that is not the kind of courting she is fond of.

CARRSVILLE.

J. R. Stalions and wife leave today for Sturgis, where they will visit their son, E. K. Stalions, and their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Archey. They will be gone several weeks.

Christmas tree at the Christian church this year. Every one reports a nice time and lots of nice presents.

W. F. Brewer of Bowling Green is spending Christmas with his friends here.

H. L. Davis, of Chicago, is in our midst now.

Prof. J. C. Calvin spent Christmas at his home in Christian county.

R. F. Babb and wife, of Salem, are visiting Mrs. Babb's parents, C. B. Daniels and wife.

If you want to know something about the storm Friday night just ask Fred Boyd and John Kemper.

The river is again full of ice, so it will be some time before we have any boats.

MATTOON.

The sale of tobacco is dull here and farmers are getting uneasy.

The measles are very prevalent here now.

Geo King and wife visited Dr. Brantley Sunday.

Lonnie Duckworth of Gladstone visited at Repton last week.

A family named Lewis moved here from Iron Hill last week.

J. N. McDowell of Tribune, was here last week.

All who attended the pound supper at Uncle Fountain Long's last Thursday night say they had a nice old time.

Several from here attended the pie breaking at Wayne Phillips, of near Gladstone, Thursday night.

Mr Lewis, a mineralogist of Evansville, is here looking after his mineral interest.

Uncle Pitt Guess, of Piney creek is visiting here now.

The sound of the bird hunters is still heard on our farms and we presume the birds are getting very wild, as the aim of the hunters has been from the start.

Rob Hodges and family of Shady Grove spent Christmas week here.

Ivan Wilcox and wife, of Gladstone, visited her mother, Mrs. Newton Thomas, here Sunday.

Frank Moore has returned from Missouri.

Al Easley and Leonard Woody killed sixteen squirrels in one tree last week; who can beat that?

Burt E. Woody formerly of this place but now of the U. S. army, stationed in the Philippines Islands writes back that they are in a nice place but are having a great deal of hard work to do.

Not long since a woman of this community took the milk pail and

Majestic Ranges

The Best There is to be had
They last longer and give
and give better satisfaction.

Call and see us when in need of anything in the Hardware Line.
Our Prices continue to give satisfaction.

COCHRAN & PICKENS.

CHAPEL HILL.

Those on the sick list are little Lester and Eddie Bigham.

On Saturday night, Dec 26th, the young people of this neighborhood called in at J. C. Adams' and had a social party, and a nice time was the result.

Lawrence Crider and wife, of Marion, were the welcome guests of H. S. Hill's family Christmas.

Geo Stovall, from Kansas, is spending the holidays with his parents, Buck Stovall's.

Miss Willie and Jamie Clement spent Christmas with their uncle, Ford McMurry of Sturgis.

Herman Hill was the guest of his brother, D. S. Hill through the holidays.

The young people of this neighborhood were invited to a pound supper at P. M. Wards on the 31st of Dec, which proved to be a nice affair, and all enjoyed themselves with nice plays.

Jeff Humphries, of Sheridan, was through this precinct on Dec 30th.

T. M. Hill is preparing to build a large amount of wire fence on his farm. Mr. Hill knows a good thing when he sees it.

On Christmas day Miss Ada Hughes entertained her Sunday School class at her home, Lee Hughes'. Those present were: Ernest Armstrong, Elva Hill, Lee Walker, Ruth Hill, Ida Ward, Crawford Hughes and Ruby Bigham, Bnrlie Walker, Miss P. Hill, Milzie Ward, Grace Hill, Alvin Allen and Miss Harry Vaughn.

Well, Christmas is over, and I hope every one has had a good time and that the little folks have had old Kris to come and see them all; so my kind Editor I do wish you a successful year with our local paper, and that every man will take the grand old Crittenden Press, and have plenty of reading for the year 1904, and every one will be pleased, for I believe every one ought to take their local news paper, which comes once a week, and the price is in reach of every one. So with best wishes to all and a happy, good time in our new year, I remain yours.

IRMA.

Christmas was very dull with people here.

Bartley Sullenger is just recovering from a spell of flux.

S. S. Sullenger sent a balloon up Christmas eve.

J. P. Woolsey's school is still marching on; he says if nothing happens it will be out January 15, 1904.

Brutally Tortured.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has never been equalled. Joe Golobek, of Colusa, Cal., writes, "For 15 years I suffered insufferable pain from Rheumatism, and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and its the greatest medicine ever for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c, Satisfaction guaranteed by Woods & Co.

REPTON.

W. O. Hayden, of Salem, was in this section last Sunday.

The wheat prospect is the worst in 20 years in this section, the little wheat that was sown seems to be nearly all dead.

No tobacco selling and no offers being made for the little that was raised.

Mrs. Robert Hardy, of Livingston county, is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hattie Baker.

Rev. Lowrey failed to receive his regular appointment at New Salem.

The young people were given a nice party last week by Fred Kirk and wife at their residence.

Joseph Pace is moving this week to the widow Alva farm near Salem.

Chas Binkley has moved on the Ohio river farm for 1904.

Rufus Park has moved near Greens Ferry, Livingston county.

Leon Massey killed a wild turkey gobbler last week that weighed the beam down at 22 pounds.

The dullest Christmas in many years, a few drunks was all to remember me of the day.

The season of good roads has ended for this winter. We don't think we have any right to complain for with our present road system the roads were in excellent order until after Christmas, we can expect nothing but bad roads after the rains and freezing commences.

John Capron is sick and under care of the doctor.

I have two good number one 3 year old mules for sale; terms reasonable; they are o. k. Tom Hart, pending, 3 miles east of Salem.

The mining business is on a standstill this bad weather, but will open all right when the spring opens.

NEW SALEM.

We wish the